

# Certified

Denzel Curry

Because I ball out  
Roll face  
Hoping I don't  
Catch a case  
Vibin' hard  
Swear to God  
.45 up  
On my waist  
Ball out  
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I said niggas love to get they buzz up  
It's a fact them motherfuckers never loved us  
I can be the main talk in a barbershop chair, but I'll never let you see me  
get my buzz cut  
Six shots like a Call of Duty split-screen  
[?] so you know I gotta gang green  
Stackin' all of my currency for the niggas who hurtin' me, either they are s  
upporting or either hatin'  
Jealousy's for bitches, I'm not an enemy  
Put my time into money instead of enemies  
But you know they say it goes until it's good, we could go in the next seven  
days  
You don't exist to me  
Ya'll can all watch the throne, I'ma still go ham  
Stackin' these O's of the Toucan Sam  
Bird game perp, there's a killer on cam  
I can turn any picture into Silence of the Lambs (Woah)  
That's killer, Denzel that nigga (Woah)  
People hate regardless and that's a fact nigga  
All I gotta do is die and stay racked nigga  
But I'm 'bout to have the luxury of countin' racks nigga  
Real shit, see now we rich  
Overhaters throw south, don't even throw a fit  
You can say what you want, but I know you ain't dis  
But in reality I prolly fucked your bitch

Boy eastside where you out yo vibe (Damn)  
Nigga better clip the .45 (Raa)  
Ya'll niggas ain't talkin' 'bout [?] (Damn)  
I'm back to the money, who lie (Oh)  
Hatin' ass niggas get popped (God damn)  
I'm 32 Zel to the five (Oh shit)  
If you think I'm not that nigga man, damn my nigga you cry

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Iced out like a motherfucking frostbite  
Pure ice, fuck your Snow White  
Cold cap, bring da ice  
Senile, ice cold, with a girl all froze  
Now we eskimo bros  
'Cause we scared that ho like a URL  
I was born to give ya'll hell so  
All hail D-E-N, be like me  
'Cause I get the racks, why see you can't  
Compared to a profit, infinite, plus niggas too many sockets  
Goes in my pockets, niggas be plottin'  
For my dog, he gon' cock it  
Boys got rich like a firehouse  
Pigs come through put the fire out  
32 Zel 'bout to ball out  
I'm the name yo bitch wanna call out  
So how in the fuck do you feel  
You do not know what's so real  
Kick her right out of the door if she talkin' 'bout feelings or not [?]  
Oh you don't like that shit  
Tell everybody it's how I say bitch  
See not glow, my niggas been rich  
Always good music ain't fucking with the clique

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